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Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent,
Humani vultus.-HOR.

IN the vexations incident to all mortality, that tone of mind would, upon first thoughts, seem preferable, which might enable man to preserve an unruffled evenness of feeling, and equality of temper, in every changing variety of life. An uninterrupted composure in difficulty, and indifference in calamity, when considered by themselves, without relation

to their circumstances, are certainly advantageous in our passage through the world, granting that unalloyed misery is the common lot of humanity: and it would doubtless be a blessing, in this case, beyond the power of value, if we could stand with invincible firmness, in the hour of trial, and darkness, and disaster, amid the rage of enemies, and the deceitfulness of friends, the frowns of fortune, and the ravages of death.

But as good and evil are so intimately intermingled in all the pursuits and occurences of life, a perfect listlessness to every object in the world before us, though it would exclude pain, would also shut out pleasure: And the power of bearing without the murmurs of discontent, the ills of the present state, would afford but little consolation, if attended with a corresponding insensibility to the inviting charms that lie scattered in our way. The bright

est happiness which the destitute of feeling can possibly enjoy, is, at best, a mere absence of evil; which is but a meagre gratification, and a melancholy satisfaction. That surely cannot be accounted among the number of those happier conditions which this world sometimes presents, which, while it derives no sweetness from the uniting influences of social pleasure, and friendly intercourse, is enlivened by none of those active emotions which give interest to life, and ardor to enjoyment, — can only boast that it is freed from the terrors of disease, the waste of pestilence, the torments of present anguish, and the certainty of approaching calamity.

The most considerable part of our happiness here, springing from that capability which we possess of taking more than a common interest in all that contributes

to our personal pleasure, it is easy enough to perceive what a blank of devotion would meet us on every side, in case of the absence of this elevating feeling. Absolute misery is of itself so unpleasantly frequent, and real good is so sparsely scattered over the globe, that we can but ill afford to lose, by universal indifference, those temporary enjoyments, which at intervals bestrew with garlands our passage to the tomb. He, therefore, whose feelings are seldom, or never, excited above the level of tranquil moderation; and whom neither the common pleasures, nor the ordinary pains of mortality, can turn from the monotonous road of selfish security; must necessarily pursue a path of uninteresting uniformity, unvaried by those little delights, by which alone existence can be

endured. And, as to the influence of such a character upon the sensations of others, it is quite sufficient to observe, that he who cannot receive, cannot give pleasure; because destitute of any rule to guide him in the vast variety of tempers and professions, with which every corner of the earth is filled.

Deplorable, however, as is the total, or even partial want of that faculty, by whose power our feelings are excited with double energy to the reception of pleasure, this is not the most disgusting side of the picture. If no other consequence ensued from this constant apathy, than self-misery, we might not either lament its existence, or be anxious for its termination; but simply look upon its possessor as one of those mournful victims of delusive folly, who themselves obstruct that little light which gilds our

melancholy way. But this uniform indifference is not so confined in its extent: and he who cannot be awakened into delight by any thing that is pleasurable in life, will take with equal languor the evils that mingle more or less in every situation, and in every scene. In this we have the consummation of the ~~calamity~~ evil, as the event too faithfully records. The man who cares not for the calls of harmless pleasure, we might be tempted to pity, but we cannot detest: but as those who are every way steeled against the impressions which self-affliction is calculated to produce in the human heart, must be equally unmindful of the pains of others, we cannot, from such an object, turn without a shudder of instinctive dread. In the contemplation of human distress,

the most sacred sympathies of our nature are called forth into active and immediate exercise: in the exertion of these emotions which are enkindled from above, we seem to rise in the scale of moral elevation: and if with these feelings we are in possession of the means of gratifying our benevolence to the fullest extent, we enjoy, in consequence, that soothing satisfaction, and inward pleasure, which spring from the alleviation of the sufferings of man. He, therefore, to whom these heavenly principles of action are not dictated by the voice of nature and conscience, must necessarily ~~lose~~ refrain from the practice of those benefits to mankind, which then exercise uniformly inspires: he wants that for which our species is principally distinguished above the beasts that wander over the plain, and which bears the impress of the Maker's

hand in colors too glowing to deceive.

The rigid maxims of modern philosophy cannot certainly find any advocates in those who consider, that that same code which would prescribe indifference to all things as the maximum of human enjoyment, has also enjoined, upon the people, rebellion against the restraint of legitimate authority, and on the offspring, rejection of the trammels of paternal government: has separated father from son, husband from wife, brother from sister, and man from man: broken the fetters of moral rule, and crushed the charities of private life. We have only to follow out the results of this short-sighted system of human policy, to return with eagerness to the modes

which are sanctioned by religion, and hallowed by antiquity: to cling with redoubled affection to the finer attachments of life, and pursue the exercise of those feelings which our forefathers cherished, on the stage of public action. Without the influence of these emotions, we are but wanderers over a lengthened desert, without any beauty to engage, or any object to excite. To him who follows unwearying course, all those pleasures being lost, by which at times we have an idle hour in recalling to the recollection the scenes of former days, and the delights of earlier times;— they cannot dwell upon the past, to whom all life has been the same, undistinguished by hope or fear, joy or sorrow, exultation

or depression.

Life being, at best, burdened with a heavy weight of calamity, all those feelings which are consonant with purity of character, and rectitude of principle, is inculcated by reason, and enjoined by religion. Love one another, is the rule which revelation prescribes, as indicative of that attribute of its Divine Author, which is the brightest diadem in his crown of glory: and he who cannot participate in the joys, or sympathize in the sorrows of man; who cannot weep while calamity is spreading around him, or relax into a smile in the hour of universal joy, never soars from the contemplation of earthly objects, to the contemplation of heavenly things—

from the corruption of ~~earthly~~ worldly contamination, to communion with the God above: for hatred of man, and the love of his Maker, can never be reconciled by any faithful interpretation of ~~human~~ the laws of divine government, or ~~human~~ the regulations authority. That ~~the~~ Sovereign of the Universe approves of those ~~feelings~~ whose comforts we would share, is evident from their deep-rooted seat in the finest affections of mankind: and the ~~pen of the~~ Roman poet ~~from~~ whose motto we have adopted above, ~~dok~~ equally with the accurate observers of the present day, confirm the truth, that man is the child of feeling in every situation, and yields to

its impulses with voluntary obedience.

Q.